

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

Non-Legal, Non-Political, Non-Sectarian.

A HISTORY

OF THE

8

LANSING REFORM CLUB

FROM ITS ORGANIZATION TO ITS FIRST ANNIVERSARY,

AS ORDERED BY THE CLUB,

AND

READ AT THE OPERA HOUSE FEBRUARY 3, A. D. 1878.

A simple ribbon, red with new-born light,
Its only motto, Dare to do the right.

LANSING, MICH.:
W. S. GEORGE & CO., PRINTERS AND BINDERS.
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HISTORY

OF THE

LANSING REFORM CLUB.

As it is with centuries so it is with single years. History shrinks and shrivels up into points. Memory is defective. Traditions are conflicting. Letters go into the waste basket. Newspapers are sent elsewhere, until the edition is exhausted to the last copy, which no persuasion can beg, and no money buy. The minutes kept by secretaries are brief, and with special reference to current business. What every body knows, no one makes a memorandum of, and so the First Anniversary arrives, and the equally important First Report, and the committee appointed "to write up the history of the club from its first organization until the day of Anniversary," are almost dismayed at the responsibility they have incurred.

With limited time and imperfect material, they resolve to do the best they can, trusting that the same blessed charity, that has been from the very beginning, so preëminently the all-pervading life and atmosphere of this whole Red Ribbon movement here in the Capital City, may give them credit for good *intent*, in whatever degree they fail of performance. They have also this further comfort, that the real history of this Reform is written in the hearts and homes of our people, even deeper than their memories, and that the year 1877, in many cases, will take its honored place side by side with that which marks the marriage vow, and the birth of the first-born.

COMING OF DR. REYNOLDS.

The origin of this wonderful reform, as nearly as we can get at it, is as follows: Early in December, two of the present members of the Club, Messrs. Prudden and Duffield, might have been seen at the Lansing House, in earnest consultation over a letter from the W. C. T. Union. A certain Dr. Reynolds, it was said, was to lecture next Sabbath in Jackson. Report spoke well of his labor in Maine and Massachusetts. He had been doing yeoman's service in Adrian and elsewhere in southern Michigan. Next Sabbath he would be at Jackson. Could he come the Sabbath following to Lansing?

The two gentlemen were thoroughly agreed that something should be done for temperance, and the sooner the better; that the coming of Dr. Reynolds, at least, could do no harm, and might do some good. In the then existing condition and relations of the various friends of temperance, they did not deem it expedient to call a public meeting, but agreed to assume personally, whatever financial responsibility might be incurred in procuring Dr. Reynolds, and the Opera House. They were also agreed, that the particular time named was too early, that there was important preparatory work to be done, to arouse the minds of the people, to awaken their curiosity; and especially to prepare the way for Dr. Reynolds, by earnest prayer for the divine blessing. It would be a much better time after the holidays, after the political excitement had somewhat abated, after the week of prayer; and so it came to pass that Dr. Reynolds was invited to come to Lansing February 1st, 1877.

PROGRESS OF DR. REYNOLDS.

From that time forward of course we watched the work of Dr. Reynolds with new interest. The first thing that attracted our attention was the rapidity of his movements. Like Cæsar's, his battles were short, sharp, and decisive. Once in the Saginaw Valley, we supposed that he would not get out of it for a month. But in every instance he seemed "to start the jam log," and do it at once. There was no

“masterly inactivity” about him. January 21st, he organized a Club at Bay City; January 25th, at Saginaw City; January 28th, at East Saginaw; January 30, at South Saginaw; February 1, at St. Johns, and February 2, he was in Lansing, to bring his own news with him.

A SURPRISE.

For temperance to come to the capital city by way of Saginaw Valley, was to some of us a surprise that was almost overwhelming. That 3,000 men should take the iron-clad pledge within a single week, was something for which no past experience in the temperance work would enable us to account. But punctual to the time of his appointment, the Doctor was on hand.

A certain lady who was on the sharp look out for him at the depot, as a venerable gentleman, somewhat broken by drink and well advanced in years, was not more surprised at his youth and vigor, than some of the rest of us. Coming from the far down east, where “the sun had to be pried up with a crowbar,” with just enough humor about him to show that he was not a fanatic, terribly in earnest in his thoughts, quick and impetuous in his delivery, “an out-spoken, flat-footed man,” as he called himself, “not given to by-paths in what he had to say, or beating about the bush,” we could well understand how his fifty thousand followers in New England had dubbed him “Old Business.”

FIRST MEETINGS.

Evidently he was a man with a purpose, with a hope, with a most invincible determination and courage,—with an absolute certainty of success. “If there is a man on God’s earth who needs the helping hand of sympathy, and brotherly love, it is the poor unfortunate drunkard. He must be saved by practical christian work,—by treating him as a man. God is on our side, and he *can* be saved.” So he spoke on Friday evening to a large audience, and got 450 signers to his pledge.

“My platform is non-legal, non-political, non-sectarian, broad enough and strong enough to hold every true friend

of temperance in Lansing. Try it for yourselves as often as I have done, and you will be satisfied." So he spoke on Saturday night to an overflowing audience at the Opera House, and gained 328 names more.

THE GREAT MEETING.

But it was soon evident that these two meetings were only preparatory to the great meeting "for men only," on Sunday afternoon. Then for the first time he seemed to be in his real element, when he found himself in the presence of some 1,500 of "The Boys."

"I have been there myself," said he, "and know just how it is. I am one of these unfortunate men who have inherited an appetite for drink stronger than hunger and thirst combined; to this very hour, I love liquor as a baby loves milk. I began with the Devil's Kindling Wood, sweet cider with 8 per cent of alcohol, then domestic wines at 15 per cent, foreign wines at 25, and so on to corn whisky that would kill at forty rods. As the result of excessive drinking, I have had the delirium tremens, unloaded my revolver, burned my razor, thrown all poisons out of the window, lest I should kill myself. And during one attack for seven successive days and nights I walked the rooms of my father's house a raving maniac. When I resolved to stop, I had had an experience of 20 years, at an expense of \$30,000, and the last six of these years, I, a graduate of Harvard Medical College, was a common drunkard. To get rid of this infernal appetite and be able to control it, I felt that I was obliged to do something very different from what I had ever done before. No 'swearing off' or 'tapering off' this time. I knew but very little about the New Testament,—but this one thing I *did* know, that God had promised to help those who asked believingly. At once I threw myself on my knees in my office, and asked ALMIGHTY GOD to save me. I promised that if He would save me, I would be true to Him, true to myself and my fellow man, and do all that I could to save others, and that is the reason I come to you to day."

Here is the pledge:

“We, the undersigned, for our own good and the good of the world in which we live, do hereby promise and engage with the help of Almighty God, to abstain from buying, selling, or using alcoholic or malt beverages, wine and cider included.”

“When you have signed the pledge, I have a little red ribbon here that I would like to tie in your button-hole as a constant reminder to you of the pledge that you have taken, and to show that you are not ashamed or afraid to say to every man whom you meet that you DARE TO DO RIGHT!”

WHO CAME FIRST.

For a moment there was a solemn pause, when far off on the outskirts of the crowd a tremulous voice was heard inquiring, “Dr. Reynolds, what would you say to those who discourage men who are trying to reform?” “Just what I have said already,” replied the Doctor; “but to you, my friend, I say, come up here and take a seat on the platform.” And come he did, and signed the pledge, expressing his belief that God could help him keep it, and took the red ribbon; and from that day to the present the faithful knot has never been untied. This was a convert well worth having, and those who have labored more intelligently, and perseveringly, and successfully for the best good of the club, than your *present* Financial Secretary, elected at your last meeting, are but few indeed.

OUR PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT.

Our indefatigable Vice President had signed the night before. Sunday was a hard day for him in getting a good ready, but he did get it, and has kept solid ever since.

Clear back by the window, as if to keep out of harm's way, was another gentleman most intently watching the scene, when his grocer friend came to him and said: “You and I have been on many a spree together. I've just signed and you must sign too.” And so he came to the front. And so we got our President! His utmost time for keeping the pledge was fixed by some of his drinking friends at ten days or two weeks; but his indignant exclamation soon

disabused them of this idea. "Fall from such a position as that in which I have been placed in the presence of 2,000 of the best people of Lansing! You don't know who you are talking to. I would *die* first." And he has not died yet.

Soon after Mr. Westcott came, amid the wildest applause our whole-souled and indispensable friend Dr. Shank, who has laughed and wept and given himself away quite as much and often as any one else; and with him his two sons, one of whom has been our efficient Secretary. From that time forward everything went with *a rush*. It soon became evident that we had now got nearer than ever before to that great objective point to which, consciously or unconsciously, the cause of temperance had all along been tending for the last forty years, viz.: where people of all classes and conditions were beginning to be of *the same mind* in regard to this enormous social evil. It was equally evident that in every hundred drinkers who were brought together, nine-tenths of them were ready to abandon their drinking habits if they could only do so together and by mutual consent, and not break up good fellowship. The fruit on the tree of Temperance was now fully ripe, and it was only for Dr. Reynolds to come along and shake it.

At first he shook the Lansing tree very gently, and the ripest fruit fell. He was sure of the habitual men. Then he shook it more vigorously, and brought down the moderate men. The hearty cheers given to each additional signer had the good effect of bringing a dozen more, and at such time a little noise in the way of singing and cheering does good. Down the aisles, in the orchestra, up the stairs, on the platform, the signers of the new Declaration of Independence crowded forward by scores, and immediately after signing and taking the ribbon, went for their comrades as a matter of course. A marvelous sight, that, and one ever to be remembered, when the immense audience resolved itself into a committee of the whole, and like chaos at creation, seemed to be seething and working as under the ferment of some unseen and mighty leaven. While ever and anon, clear as the sound of a clarion, the

Doctor's voice rose high and far above the din and confusion of the excited crowd,—“Be good to yourself! be good to yourself! Dare to do right! dare to do right!”

O what clapping and shaking of hands! What tears and laughter, and even shrieks of delight! What continual and uproarious applause! The singers “Held the Fort,” and “Rescued the Perishing,” and “Kept the Lower Lights Burning” until all and singular were as hoarse as crows. The story goes, on the authority of Dr. Reynolds, and to his very great amusement, that a certain reverend gentleman, who had seen every phase of the temperance reform from the beginning, after three times endeavoring to raise “Old Hundred” as a sort of Te Deum,—but all in vain,—so far forgot the proprieties of the occasion as to wave his handkerchief high over his head, with a loud and most unmistakable hurrah? Perhaps it was so, for when the time came for meeting that same involuntary culprit felt as if he had been on “as big a drunk” as that evening described by our Sergeant-at-Arms! The nearest approach to the spirit of the original meeting that we have since seen was on the night when the address was delivered by Judge Pinckney.

FIRST MEETING OF THE CLUB.

Sunday evening, Feb. 4, 1877, we find the first entry in the Lansing Reform Club book, as follows:

“A meeting was held at the Opera House for the purpose of organizing a temperance club. Dr. Reynolds called the meeting to order and read the constitution usually adopted by the clubs, after which the following officers were elected: President, T. W. Westcott; 1st Vice President, C. T. Marks; 2d Vice President, O. P. Frary; 3d Vice President, R. B. De Viney; Secretary, R. J. Shank, Financial Secretary, H. W. Walker; Treasurer, H. T. Carpenter; 1st Marshal, George Fowler; 2d Marshal, Enos Jenne; Steward, A. E. Fling; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jno. Spanier.

“Each officer of the club made a short speech.”

These speeches, though well remembered, it would scarcely be fair to reproduce, but of all that we have since heard, none have been listened to with more profound interest and more tearful attention.

We can sum up the events of that memorable afternoon and evening in no better words than those of the reporter for the Lansing Republican: "No such excitement and interest have ever before been awakened in this community upon any public question since the rebellion, and it is safe to conclude that not a few men will be made better, and their homes the happier."

The next day Dr. Reynolds was escorted to the Jackson depot by a procession of Red Ribbon men, headed by the band of the Lansing Light Guard, and departed amid the hearty cheers and most earnest congratulations of his new and grateful friends.

INCIDENTS.

Many a pleasant *on dit* passed current about this time. "Wife," said a Red Ribbon man on Saturday night, "this is the first can of oysters we have had in four years, and it didn't cost half as much as a Saturday night's drunk!"

So another, in speaking for "the good of the order:"

"I begin to feel so much better, my friends. I had a little money in my pocket last night, and I said, I will buy a nice calico dress for my little girl. She was delighted with it, and said: 'This is *because Papa belongs to the Red Ribbon*; and now Mamma shall soon have a new dress, too.' *Of course she shall*, but I don't know when she has had any before! I feel a good deal better about it."

Feb. 6th, 1877, the organization of the club was completed and the constitution and by-laws unanimously adopted.

The effect of these proceedings was all that could have been desired. Although in the very midst of the most intense political excitement, it was felt that locally, at least, here was a question more important than the election of Hayes or Tilden. It was the universal conviction that "never was the community engaged in as grand and noble a work as now."

THE WHITE BOW.

Monday afternoon the W. C. T. U. held a wonderful meeting, and agreed, out of respect for the Red Ribbon, and in token of cordial coöperation with it, to put on the "White Bow." Of the red and white roses, during the long civil war in England between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, it was said, that the red rose became white with the blood it had lost, and the white rose red with the blood it had shed, until at last they were united in a happy marriage. But there has never been any war between the red and white ribbons; *their* marriage occurred at the beginning.

The meaning of the red ribbon is this: Heretofore we had tied the Temperance ribbon too far down; we had tied it *below* the wound that was draining the very life-blood of the body politic. Hereafter we propose to tie it *above*, between the place where the artery is wounded and the heart.

The meaning of the white ribbon is,—speak to the man who wears the red! Help him in every way that you can help and encourage him. Tell him to Dare to do Right, and pray for him—always.

There was a third ribbon, a blue one; not the true blue, however, but a bogus, worn for a short time by those who made light of the Reform, and the real meaning of which was, "Dare to do Wrong." But as soon as it was found to come from the saloons it disappeared before an indignant public sentiment, like chaff before the wind. Ever and everywhere light is stronger than darkness, and love more powerful than hate. Here and there a red ribbon was affixed as a caudal appendage to some unfortunate dog, but the dog was soon ashamed of his constituents and the cardinal ornament disappeared! Ridicule may be the test of error, but certainly is not the test of truth.

The next great event in the history of the club was

A PUBLIC MEETING.

"Last Sunday evening, Feb. 12, the Opera House was again filled to its utmost capacity. There was a large and effective choir on the stage, from the different churches.

The clergy were invited to seats on the platform. The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. D. Crosby, followed by a few remarks from President Westcott." "Such large audiences looked as if they meant something. It looked as if the people meant to help those who had been down in the ditch to stand up again. A few more such meetings, and the club now numbering 500 will be a thousand."

"Rev. Messrs. Duffield and Prudden were called on, and responded with well chosen and cheering remarks. The exercises then took the form of an experience meeting.

"Henry Gibbs said, that when he quit drinking 14 years ago, he had not a chair in his house, and could not get credit for a single cent. There was no such society as this to rally around him, and he had to fight his way alone.

"Mr. Theron Ford said, he had used cider occasionally, but recently he had come to regard this fully as dangerous as stronger drinks. He had two barrels in his cellar, but he had donned the red ribbon, and should 'let 'er went.'

A. G. MABEE.

"Mr. A. G. Mabee, in a very masterly and eloquent manner gave a terribly thrilling experience of his slavery to the demon of rum, which was listened to with breathless attention. The sentiment with which he closed was this: 'A man cannot save himself from *within* himself; he must lay hold *on some help from without*.' The last letter from this gentleman, dated Fonda, N. Y., January 26, 1878, says: 'Sorry I cannot be at your anniversary, but day after tomorrow I shall have an anniversary of my own, of the eventful Sabbath day when I recorded my last drunk. Then it will be a year that I have been a free man, and by God's grace I shall ever continue free. I can scarcely believe my own eyes, when I look at the result of my feeble efforts in this State. Fifteen prosperous clubs, each one having suitable club rooms; and over 12,000 signers to the pledge.' "

The Republican says of the meeting of February 12:

"There was never a more interesting meeting held in

this city. At its close, 125 more names were added to those already enrolled."

THE BARTON EXPERIMENT.

Sunday, February 18th, was a regular field day for the ministers, who nearly all preached on Temperance. One of the sermons (by Mr. Duffield), entitled "Rahab," or "Dare to do Right," was afterwards published, respectfully inscribed to Dr. Reynolds and the Lansing Reform Club, and had a very wide circulation. So had the "Barton Experiment," many copies of which were put into walks of usefulness. If we have had our Tom Adams and Harry Wainwrights, and Sam. Craymes, it has been because we have also had our Mr. Crupps and Fred McDonalds and Ettie Wedgwells.

CLUB ROOMS.

About February 16th, we find the first public notice of the Club Rooms.

"The suite of rooms in the McClure block, rented by the Reform Club, is being rapidly and beautifully furnished. There are three rooms. The first or east room is nicely carpeted, furnished with easy chairs, and the walls are decorated with fine steel engravings. It presents a neat and cozy appearance. The middle or Reading Room has a skylight, is furnished with a large table, and paper racks are ranged along the sides. A number of publications are already on file, and appear to be eagerly sought for. On the wall of this room hangs the famous motto of the 'Ten times One.' 'Look up and not down; look out and not in; look forward and not backward; and lend a hand.' The rear or west room will be fitted up as a general meeting and smoking room."

There was some doubt about the last room, but the event showed that this was the most important room of the three. It kept "The Boys" out of the saloons. It made an excellent "Headquarters" for those who were out of work. It served as an exchange for employer and employed. It promoted good fellowship, and helped to pass idle time.

Above all, it showed how many learned to drink because the saloon had been their only home. We took an old railroad friend up to the rooms, and showed him the Parlor. He did not look pleased. We took him into the Reading Room, and the gloom lifted a little from his brow. We threw open the door of the Smoking Room where the boys were playing checkers, and he clapped his hands in perfect delight. "All right," said he. "The other two *with* this room, but not without it. You've got it just as it should be."

A DAY OF REJOICING.

But the exuberant joy of the people was not to be satisfied by speeches and mass meetings. Nothing less would manifest the full extent of their enthusiastic delight than a grand public celebration, in which *all* could unite,—men, women, and children. Washington's Birth-Day was conveniently at hand. A lovelier day than the 22d of February, 1877, was never seen in midwinter, and was received and enjoyed as a special gift of Providence. By 2 P. M. no less than 10,000 people were in the streets, and Capt. George Fowler, Chief Marshal, looked bigger than ever, and as bright and cheerful as the day itself. First came the Lansing Light Guard, Capt. McComas, headed by the Light Guard band. Then, under Assistant Marshal A. P. Johnson, the W. C. T. U., in 100 carriages, bearing a beautiful white silk banner, trimmed with fringe of gold, on which was inscribed the significant motto, "In God we trust." Next, preceded by the Knight Templar band, came the solid column of the Reform Club, with a crimson silk banner, their name and motto, "Dare to do right," in letters of gold, numbering 600 in all. The Georges were in luck that day: George Mack had the honor of carrying the crimson banner, and George Duffield the white. Then followed the Temperance Cadets, 100 strong, headed by the Barnes' Drum Corps. Then the Juvenile Temperance Club, and 150 vehicles of citizens, bringing up the rear. Down Washington avenue to Franklin, Franklin to Cedar, Cedar to Michigan avenue, Michigan avenue to Washington avenue,

moved perhaps the happiest procession that ever was, or will be, in the capital city.

The procession dismissed, the Club was served by the W. C. T. U. with a most bountiful collation in Armory Hall. Seven tables were kept constantly replenished, until the whole number thus supplied with hot coffee, etc., amounted to 2,200. Not a single accident occurred to mar the pleasure of this most delightful day; and if the prodigal son had dropped into Armory Hall, we are inclined to think he would have said that he had seen something like it before. We have had good days and great days since, that our report will duly chronicle, but in some respects that 22d of February was the very best of all. If ever in any city of similar size, more unmingled domestic happiness was more unmistakingly made public we have yet to know the name of that city, and what the happy occasion. Whoever else did not understand it, the saloon-keeper did, and said, "That's the funeral of our business, and we may as well step down and out." Such, at least, was the opinion of the enterprising, enthusiastic, and irrepressible Ben, who soon after took his departure, waiter-girls and all.

MISSIONARY WORK.

Meanwhile the Lansing club had instituted an aggressive movement, and on St. Valentine's day they resolved to send out their Valentines to all the villages of Ingham county, and Messrs. Albert Maybee, A. P. Johnson, H. D. Pugh, and others were appointed a committee to "extend the organization." Right royally did the "missionary committee" do its work, always sure of Dr. Shank, and Mr. Van Keuren, and Mr. Case, and the parsons to go with them as volunteers. We would like to describe some of these meetings in detail, particularly the memorable meetings at Oke-mos, and Eaton Rapids, the most enthusiastic meeting of them all; but for want of room we must confine ourselves simply to time, place, and result.

"Our boys" were first heard from at De Witt, Friday, Feb. 16, where they organized a club of 60 members, one

of whom thought he had his last fight, but after the meeting was obliged to put in one extra with the saloon-keeper!—who didn't get the best of it, either.

Dimondale, Wednesday, Feb. 21, club 67.

Delta Centre, Friday, Feb. 23, club 42.

Okemos, Tuesday, Feb. 27, club 105.

Grand Ledge, Wednesday, Feb. 28, club 140.

Mason, Monday, March 19, club 167.

Onondaga, Tuesday, March 20, club 34.

Eaton Rapids, Wednesday, March 21, club 333.

Fowlerville, Tuesday, March 27, club 316.

Millett's Station, club 75; Delta Mills, club 100; Dansville, club 144; Wacousta, March 3d, club 400; Grove School-house.

The result of this flank movement was felt by the saloon-keepers as "the next worst thing" that had been done to them at all. To cut the tap root in Lansing was bad enough; but to cut off the laterals in the villages was too bad for anything! Some of them, it was supposed, took to singing such lugubrious stanzas as the following:

I'm sad when I think of the friends that have left me,
The friends that I once deemed so tried and so true;
They've turned the cold shoulder, and donned the red ribbon,
And everything round me looks wofully blue!

Some of them took to downright cursing,—but as the "curse causeless does not come," and as the runseller's curse is usually found in close proximity to the divine blessing, as the real occasion of it, "the missionary committee did not scare worth a cent." So far from it, Albert Mabee and A. P. Johnson have kept at this kind of work ever since, and both of them at this particular time are more popular and successful than ever.

"Mr. Johnson, besides rendering efficient assistance in the formation of most of the clubs already enumerated in Ingham county, has organized six clubs in Michigan, viz.: Bellevue, Marshal, Homer, Tekonsha, Litchfield, Reading. Five clubs in Indiana, viz.: Angola, Waterloo, Auburn, Butler, and Newville. One in Ohio,—Hicksville. And has

labored with great acceptance and success,—in Greenville, Albion, Charlotte, Nashville, S. Lyons, Jonesville, Williamstown, Cedar Springs, Ionia, Grand Rapids, Mich., and in Tremont, Ind.

We are quite proud of our young orators, Mabee and Johnson, and would this day most cordially bid them “God speed.” The total number of clubs organized by members of the Lansing Club, is about FORTY.

But we are not yet done with our Sunday evening mass meetings, which after all were the great means of stirring up the fires, and keeping the work thoroughly alive. It is the testimony of every member of the club who has been in it from the first, that without this steady and efficient balance wheel, the movement would never have been as well sustained, and as thoroughly successful as it has been. Here we have been cheered by the earnest prayer, and the voice of sacred song. Here we have listened to the timely exhortation or the more elaborate address. Here we have welcomed many a “Monmouth,” and “given him a hand,” and “a tear.” Here, of all other places, we have been able to bring *the pressure of public sentiment to bear to the best advantage*,—and amidst tears and songs, and sometimes thunderous applause,—to win back by a magnificent moral attraction, those who needed just such a welcome!

TWO MEETINGS ON ONE NIGHT.

Take for example, that most extraordinary demonstration, Sunday evening, March 25th, when the immense audience completely overflowed the Opera House, where Mr. Westcott presided, and a second meeting under Vice President Marks, was organized at Mead’s Hall. The vexed question as to which of these two meetings was the best, your committee, as now constituted, will not undertake to decide. What if the spunky little meeting did raise the most money, and obtain the most signers, and Mr. D. L. Case made one of his very best speeches, and the Legislature was represented for the first time in the person of Mr. Welker, of Branch, and Mr. Johnson, of Kent, and two

distinguished Senators took the red ribbon, and the presiding officer and every body else were perfectly jubilant with the thought that the city of Lansing was now passing through a glorious emancipation? Where is the ubiquitous gentleman who was present at both meetings, and who would dare to say, that they did not have just as good a meeting in the Opera House?

“Two meetings in one night!” groaned the saloon men; “this is making it red-hot. We thought the excitement would soon blow over, but here the paper says: ‘Although the enthusiasm in the cause, aroused by the labors of Dr. Reynolds, was far beyond the wildest stretch of imagination ever indulged in by its most ardent supporters, it is as nothing compared to that which has been manifested since.’” “Yes,” says one of our German friends, “dese temperenz-lers have agents all round. I yoost to brew twice a week and sold all my beer; now I brew once and don’t sell it.”

THE LANSING WATER WORKS.

By this time the “Lansing Water Works,” were in the full tide of successful experiment. The boiler was all right, and we could get up any amount of steam at the shortest notice. The balance wheel good, *the ratchets first-rate*, the gearing was good, and the entire engine worked to a charm. We had tested the “non-sectarian” piston, and that gave us religious force without denominational friction. We had tested the “non-legal” piston, and found that by cutting off the demand, we had moral and legal suasion both. There was one test more. How would the “non-political” belt work? Would it stand the strain of election day? Party and personal competition ran unusually high. Temperance candidates were in great demand. At the polls it was red ribbon against red ribbon. Of course, the excited voters, almost as a matter of habit, would go to the saloons for something to eat, and then how easy to “step up and take something” else. But the guardian angels of the white ribbon were a little wiser in their generation this time than the children of Belial. Artful little “dodgers” went through every ward in the city, inviting the voters, without

distinction of party, to a free lunch. The treat was hot coffee instead of whisky. "And so," said the desponding saloon men, "they serve us every time. The Lansing liquor business is played out. This red ribbon epidemic is worse than the scarlet fever." But meanwhile the song of the white ribbons might be heard:

"The black clouds are parting,
The new day is starting,
The sun of man's brotherhood shines o'er the sea;
Its bright beams declaring
There's no need despairing,
There is hope left for all who will dare to be free."

Thanks to Mr. W. S. George and the state Board of Auditors, Sunday evening, June 10, the club held their first meeting in Representative Hall, when an admirable address was delivered by Mayor Barnes. "No wonder," said he, "that our ministers are here, and that our churches are closed so often on Sabbath evenings to attend these meetings. They do immense good. All of us have a deep and abiding interest in this movement. Our property, our health, our very lives are involved in its success. We will aid you all that we can." And well has he kept his word, both personally and officially.

One of the speakers that evening very strongly urged a celebration on the Fourth of July, and the proposition was greeted with loud applause.

FRANCIS MURPHY.

Our first choice for orator of the day, of course, was DR. REYNOLDS, but Albion would not release him from a previous engagement; so we had to look elsewhere. President Westcott became ambitious and wanted FRANCIS MURPHY. Mr. De Viney wanted him still more, and prayed about it. Thanks to George H. Stuart of Philadelphia, Lansing was so fortunate as to carry him off over a host of competitors. Reports said "he couldn't come; his voice could not be heard above a whisper." Then "that he wouldn't come,—it was only an advertising dodge to help out the big posters." Then "that his pledge was not sound, and he was

only coming 'to sow blue tares among the red wheat.'" But that pledge read:

"*With malice toward none and charity for all*, I the undersigned do pledge my word and honor, God helping me, to abstain from *all intoxicating liquors* as a beverage, and that I will by all honorable means encourage others to abstain"—and we were satisfied. As he said afterwards, he did not specify beer, wine, or cider in his pledge, because he gave men credit for common sense. When God said "Thou shalt not steal," he did not add "Thou shalt not steal a *horse!*"

Mr. Murphy arrived from Elmira, N. Y., on the evening of the third, and was received with due honor at the depot, and welcomed to Michigan in a speech at the Lansing House by Mayor Barnes.

(Capt. McComas and the Saginaw Rifles, we trust, will pardon the committee for allowing the wearied traveler to suppose that the whole of that demonstration was intended for him. Any penalty they will submit to rather than Mr. Murphy should be undeceived. The soldiers "did him a great deal of good.")

FOURTH OF JULY.

On the 26th of June it was announced by the facetious reporter that a young man from the country, a few nights since, dreamed that he went to Lansing July 4th, and that he "never saw that glorious day celebrated in better style."

That dream must have come true, for in the next issue after the Fourth, the head-lines of that same reporter read as follows:

"Twenty thousand people addressed by Francis Murphy, Messrs. D. B. Duffield and Larned of Detroit, Parrish of Grand Rapids, Geo. C. Bates of Utah, and others; the Red White, and Blue unite in a glorious hallelujah meeting in the interests of humanity! The 101st Anniversary of American Independence unlike anything that has ever before occurred in Michigan, if, indeed, a similar scene has been witnessed on the continent of America!"

But we are not going to describe that day in detail.

That exquisite temperature,—no rain as elsewhere all round us, breaking up their celebrations, but the clouds just heavy enough to screen us from the noon-tide heat; that magnificent civic and military procession,—the enormous van, containing the Goddess of Liberty and her 38 maidens,—the six horses attached, led by men in blue uniform,—the Sunday schools singing in front of the churches,—the various bands that discoursed such excellent music,—the old Capitol square filled with a living sea of upturned faces,—the beautiful tent where his honor the Mayor so well presided and spoke, and the “Star Spangled Banner” was so well sung, and other patriotic pieces were so well rendered by the choir,—the *red* ribbon tied in the button-hole of Mr. Murphy by Mrs. Allen, the *blue* ribbon into that of the President of the Detroit Reform Club by Mr. Murphy, and *both* the red and the blue in the button-hole of the Mayor of Lansing,—the graphic and felicitous address of Mr. Murphy, exceeding anything ever before heard among us, in his peculiar line of public speaking,—his graceful compliment to Dr. Reynolds,—the eloquent speakers from abroad,—the beautiful incident of the floral harp,—the call for the Irish brigade, that brought out our friend Cahill,—the good cheer all the day long at the crowded tables in Representative Hall,—the elegant decorations of the club rooms, the national colors interspersed with the red of Reynolds and the blue of Murphy, showing *that there was no sectarianism in the Lansing Club even in temperance!*—are they not, one and all, written in your memories as imperishable as the day itself? Even the oldest inhabitant could not remember a more glorious Fourth. It was patriotism, it was temperance, it was religion, it was a dozen ordinary Fourths of July rolled into one! Mr. Murphy had tied his heart into all our hearts, just as he “tied it in” with the blue ribbon of the little Irishman.

The noble impulse of the Fourth, not forgetting the open-air meetings of the W. C. T. U. Sunday afternoons, carried the club forward in excellent order for nearly six weeks, when it was proposed to procure the big circus tent of Montgomery Queen and have a grand rally on Sunday,

Sept. 16. On that occasion 3,000 people turned out to hear Capt. Allen of Portland, and Phillip Neitz, "the Dutchman." Most of those who had broken their pledge then took it anew, and quite a number of the employés of the circus took the red ribbon for the first time.

A PICNIC.

Tuesday, Sept. 25th, late as it was in the season for picnics, the club gave an excursion to Portland, and like everything else they have undertaken, without a single exception, it proved an entire success, both social and financial (unless we except the unavailing efforts of the Vice President to *divide that partridge*.) The scene at the conclusion of the picnic, when "Buffalo Bill" signed the pledge, and his daughter bounded over the benches like a startled deer and threw herself on her father's neck, was well worthy of a painter. The ladies wiped their eyes and looked on. The men turned their heads and felt a good deal as Bill did,—that they couldn't stand it.

THE CENTRAL FAIR.

The first week in October was the time of the Central Michigan Fair, and in remarkable contrast to the year 1876, as a singular sign of the times, the reporter makes note of the fact that in all the vast multitude who attended the fair, he did not see but two people who were intoxicated; and what Messrs. Boothroyd, Baker, Brush, and Johnson did, will appear in the financial report.

Just to show that the red ribbon movement was not flagging in Lansing, on Sunday evening, Oct. 28th, every available seat in Representative hall was occupied to hear Judge Shaw, who had so efficiently helped us to take Eaton Rapids, and one of the results of that meeting was to prepare the way for the Grand Anniversary that we are having to-day.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO DR. REYNOLDS.

On the evening of the 5th of November a farewell meeting was held in the Opera House and the following address was read to Dr. Reynolds, unanimously adopted by a rising

vote, signed by the officers of the club, and a copy thereof presented to the Doctor,—which we have reason to believe has done him good service in Illinois:

“We, the citizens of the capital city, in mass meeting assembled at the Opera House, without distinction of denomination, party, age, or sex, desire most cordially and gratefully to present to you, Dr. Henry A. Reynolds, the following brief address:

“Were you to remain this winter among us, and continue your arduous labors in Michigan, such public recognition of your worth and services would be utterly uncalled for. Already your name and fame are as familiar to our people as the names of their giant lakes, and for any man or for any place in the lower peninsula to say that they did not know Dr. Reynolds, would only argue themselves unknown.

“It is not, therefore, for our own sakes that we present this address. That would only be a work of supererogation. It is not even for yourself as an individual that we venture to add this as one more to the oft-repeated testimonies that have been given in almost every county as to your invaluable services in the cause of temperance. Having already received such a complimentary vote by our State Legislature as was never given to any one for similar services before, you do not need any such kind remembrance of our gratitude. Well do you know that you have our hearts already, and what could you have more?

“Hearing, however, that you were about to undertake, for the great agricultural empire of Illinois, a similar work to that in which you have been so triumphantly successful in the Peninsular State, it seemed to us not altogether useless that Detroit and Lansing and Ypsilanti should send greeting to Chicago, Springfield, and Galesburg, with our confident hope, and our most earnest prayer, that the red ribbon and the white bow may be equally successful in the rescue of the perishing as they have been among us.

“Whatever we may say about other means of doing good, yet after all God will have personal organs of truth,—such as you have been in temperance.

“Tens of thousands of families, this fifth day of November, are blessing God that you ever came to this State. The entire city of Lansing will continue to bless you for your ever-memorable advent here on the 5th of February last. The 250 original members of the club are now increased to 1,300. The original officers of the club have been good men and true—God bless them!—down to the present hour. The simple platform, non-political, non-legal, non-sectarian, has been amply sufficient to hold and unite every true friend of temperance in this city. The motto, ‘Dare to do right,’ shines as clear and its banner is as full high advanced as ever. You can carry no better in Illinois.

“One and all, with heart and hand, we bid you and the cause of the red ribbon, Godspeed!”

Our last news from the Doctor by letter, Jan. 23, says: “I have had greater success in Illinois than ever before. During the 3½ years of the movement not 15 per cent of the men in the clubs have violated their pledge. I believe and know that the whole movement was never in as good condition as it now is. May God bless you and all of our dear Lansing friends.”

Dec. 6th, 1877, after a long probation of 10 months, Mr. Duffield was accepted as a member of the club, the red ribbon tied tightly in his button-hole, and he was earnestly exhorted to be faithful to his pledge!

Of the 245 original members of this Lansing club, 240 have kept their pledge; and of the rest the per cent is little over 10.

More recent events, as still fresh in your memory, need only a brief recital. Christmas day was merry Christmas indeed at the club rooms. A happy countercheck was devised by “the boys” to a “free lunch” advertised by a certain saloon, which two days after, in company with the bar of one of our principal hotels, went out of existence. All day long new candidates were coming forward for the little scarlet emblem of liberty, and what with singing, and addresses, and mutual congratulations, the evening was especially delightful.

“One year ago to-night,” said a speaker, “I walked up

and down the streets of Lansing with a very sore heart. It seemed as if half a dozen beer gardens had broken loose. At half past 9 it was difficult to find a man that appeared entirely sober! *I wonder who these men were?* To-night, at the same hour, I have twice gone over the same ground, down to the bridge; the saloons are silent, and empty,—and I could not find a single man who was the worse for drink. *I wonder where these men are just now?*” The knowing nods and winks that passed through the room, showed that the “parties were the same.”

One of the club then called for the reading of “Monmouth,” a short and beautiful poem that had just appeared in Harper’s Monthly,—and which so admirably represents the true spirit of our Lansing Reform, that it might well become part of our history.

MONMOUTH.

Reach a hand out to Monmouth, and not pass him by,
With a stare of contempt, and a pitiless eye;
He is poor, he is sad, and a drunkard, I fear,—
Reach a hand out to Monmouth,—give Monmouth a tear.

Ah, God! what a ravage of sin and decay,
What a wreck of the youth, once so genial and gay,
So witty at college, so full of brave cheer,—
Reach a hand out to Monmouth,—give Monmouth a tear.

How proudly we marshalled ourselves in his name,
When the country demanded his gifts for her fame,
How his voice in the Senate rang lofty and clear,—
Reach a hand out to Monmouth,—give Monmouth a tear.

A vassal to pleasure, of error the slave,
O’ermastered by passions that drag to the grave,
We have watched him sink deeper and faster each year,—
Reach a hand out to Monmouth,—give Monmouth a tear.

Too late to restore him! ’Tis never too late,
To strive for a soul drifting down to its fate,
His heart is not dead,—bring him back from the bier,—
Reach a hand out to Monmouth,—give Monmouth a tear.

Let us rally around him, and never despise,
A brother in ruins, but help him to rise,
If we win, what a rapture will be our reward,
For Monmouth again of himself will be lord!

Judge Pinckney was then called on for some remarks,—but his heart was too full to respond at length, and deferred the rest of his address until the meeting Sunday evening.

Next came Captain McComas, who responded to the call in a manner so touching, and in words so brief and beautiful that we scarcely know how to reproduce them: “Some years ago,” said he, “I registered an oath in heaven for my country, and I trust I was not unfaithful to it. A few weeks since I registered another, and by the help of God I hope to be equally faithful to that oath also. My great desire is to see all who have been associated with me do the same.”

Shortly after the President called for the benediction, but the minister excused himself on the ground that we had had “the blessing” already, and called for the Doxology, and were dismissed by singing, “Praise God from whom all Blessings flow.”

NEW YEAR'S DAY

Was Christmas day all over again,—only, a great deal more so. How many calls were received at the rooms, as the great headquarters of home, it is impossible to say, but certain it is there were over *4,000 calls for coffee!* Like Christmas, it was a working day throughout, and by New Year's evening the Club had the pleasure of enrolling over 100 additional names,—not a few of them the names of friends whom they had long desired to obtain. With scarcely an exception, throughout the entire city, there was respect enough among the ladies for the red ribbon to banish wine from their tables, and one New Year at least was ushered in as it should be.

THE JUDGE'S WELCOME.

Sunday evening, Dec. 30th, at the Opera House, we had the grand welcome to Judge Pinckney, and a glorious one it was. The indictment against the drinking customs of the people of the United States was never more forcibly put, or more logically proved by any speaker on that platform. The audience of men was immense, and when our worthy friend Doctor Shank was induced to let down his net to catch a few more signers, he was almost as much

surprised as St. Peter himself, and got about the same number,—many of them of the largest kind! What we would have done that night for a further supply of red ribbon unless the ladies had come to the rescue, we do not know. But they had never failed us before, God bless them, and they did not fail us then! The simple fact is, that was a tremendous meeting, and it shook things!

The last Sunday evening meeting at the Opera House was on Jan. 20th, when a crowded audience, at five cents admission, had the pleasure of listening to a cogent, well-sustained, and in every respect admirable lecture, from Hon. Charles D. Little of Saginaw,—followed by one of the short and inimitable addresses of Captain McComas,—in some respects the very best address of all, thus making our entire list of speakers as follows:

HENRY A. REYNOLDS, M. D., and from that time until the first of July our own home talent. After that—

FRANCIS MURPHY,	Mr. Vaughn,
George C. Bates,	Dr. Gibbons,
D. Bethune Duffield,	J. W. Fitzmaurice,
Isaac Parrish,	Judge Pinckney,
H. A. Shaw,	Hon. Chas. D. Little,
Capt. Allen,	Capt. McComas,
Phillip Neitz,	Robert E. Frazer, Esq.

Just as we close our report we are in receipt of the following letter from Mr. Barnes:

Rev. Geo. Duffield:

DEAR SIR:—Referring to your inquiry in regard to the number of establishments in the city of Lansing engaged in the sale of intoxicating drinks, I have to state that the Chief of Police reports that there is no illicit selling in the city at this time.

I give below the number who complied with the law by paying the tax and giving their bond in the years 1876, 1877:

	1876.	1877.
Dealers in spirituous liquors.....	26	19
Brewers.....	3	3
Dealers in malt liquors.....	13	15
	<hr/> 42	<hr/> 37

Of the 37 who paid the tax this present year, six have since retired from business.

It is impossible at the present time to give police statistics for the period named. I can state, however, that the beneficial results of the reform movement are manifested everywhere by a decrease of crime and destitution, and increase of comfort and prosperity.

Very respectfully,

O. M. BARNES, *Mayor*.

Dec. 19th, 1877, the Lansing Reform Club adopted articles of association. It is now incorporated, and may be considered, in its principles at least, an institution as permanent as the Capital itself. That double column of autographs hanging from the skylight, now 28 feet in length,—like an Arch of Triumph,—**MAKING A GRAND TOTAL OF 2,000 NAMES**, gives the history of the club as nothing else can do. May its second anniversary be as happy as its first.

Yes! there's hope and great peace
In that mighty release
That falls on the heart where the red ribbon flies,
For it makes the man whole,
And it rescues the soul,
To lift it at last to its home in the skies.

LANSING, February 3, 1878.

Rev. Geo. Duffield :

MY DEAR SIR,—In connection with your history of the Lansing Reform Club, on this its anniversary, we beg leave to herewith present a financial exhibit, showing the receipts and disbursements during the past year, viz.:

RECEIPTS.

Subscriptions in cash, Feb. 4, 1877.....	\$230 35
Citizens' subscriptions for 4th of July.....	443 50
Cash received for dinners, etc., Rep. Hall, and refreshments in tent in the Capitol Square, July 4.....	287 55
Receipts at the Fair Grounds.....	251 84
Cash paid on subscriptions.....	663 54
Dues received from members from Feb. 4th, 1877, to Dec. 26th, 1877.....	334 77
Dues and subscriptions from Dec. 26th, 1877, to date,—received by Bro. R. B. DeViney, Fin. Sec'y.....	246 93
Net profits of drama at Opera House.....	24 12
Total receipts.....	<u>\$2,482 60</u>

DISBURSEMENTS.

Cash paid	Dr. H. A. Reynolds.....	\$100 00
" "	Francis Murphy.....	215 00
" "	rent of Club Rooms.....	220 20
" "	janitor.....	230 00
" "	for expenses for July 4th.....	433 29
" "	for expenses at Fair Grounds.....	161 47
" "	rent of Public Halls.....	235 00
" "	gas bills.....	106 35
" "	papers and books.....	108 72
" "	livery bills in organizing clubs....	52 75
" "	furnishing rooms with carpets, tables, chairs, etc.,.....	135 96
" "	wood, ribbon, printing bills, and sundry expenses as per vouchers on file.....	401 86
Cash in Treasury to balance.....		82 00
Total.....		<u>\$2,482 60</u>

The finance committee holds vouchers for every dollar expended.
All of which is respectfully submitted.

H. W. WALKER,
E. H. PORTER,
GEO. MACK,
Finance Committee.

All which is respectfully submitted.

C. T. MARKS,
GEORGE DUFFIELD,
H. W. WALKER.

Lansing, Jan. 9, 1878.

Committee.

